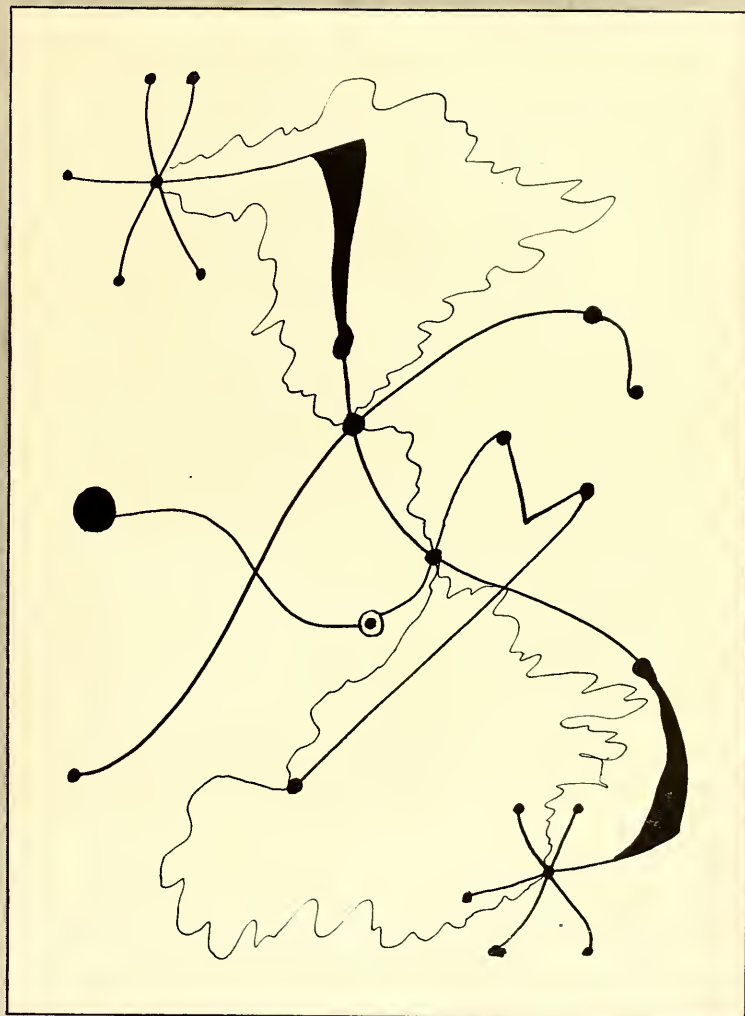


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SPRING ISSUE



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SPRING
ISSUE
1949

Volume LIII
Number 4

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CORADDI

WOMAN'S COLLEGE *of the* UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
Greensboro, N. C.

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Arlene Batchker

Speaking of Comparisons . . .

Joan of Lorraine and Medea

By DOLLY DAVIS

WITHIN the brief space of two weeks, the Playlikers are offering as the final major productions on this year's program Maxwell Anderson's *Joan of Lorraine* and Robinson Jeffers' adaptation of the *Medea* of Euripides. It is rather startling to discover important fundamental similarities in approach between a Greek tragedy first produced in 431 B. C. and an American tragi-comic hodge-podge dated 1946 A. D. But since the similarities are there and we must admit to ourselves that the twentieth century theater seldom does anything completely new, we may as well apply a philosophical attitude to the examination of our theater "heritage" in relation to these plays.

To begin at the obvious beginning, they are both primarily One Woman Shows, the sort of thing that Kit Marlowe did with Tamburlaine and Dr. Faustus in his Superman plays. Joan dominates the play as she did—temporarily—the court of Charles VII. And Medea maintains with craft and "dark wisdom" the potent upper hand over the wisest men of noble Corinth from wailing beginning to homicidal end. Moreover, both heroines are tangled up with supernatural forces—Medea with the mysticism of witchcraft, Joan with her heavenly Voices, which G. B. Shaw in his preface to *St. Joan* explains away as images called up by her imagination to verify what common sense had already told her.

The domination of an entire play demands a skillful actress capable of a wide emotional range. This demand for variety is particularly great in Joan, since the heroine is required to portray separately: (1) a Broadway actress, (2) a Broadway actress playing the role of a simple, rustic peasant girl, and (3) a Broadway actress playing the role of a simple, rustic peasant girl who is pretending to be an invincible and masculine soldier-leader. To give each of these stages its own distinguishable interpretation is no easy assignment for an amateur. And, of course, the varied character of Medea is emphasized in an almost psychological study of her rapid shifts in mental attitude from frenzied jealousy, to fawning supplication, to tender mother-affection, to revenge. Both our heroines are exceptionally successful managers: Joan, through a tremendous store of common sense and a self-confidence that, if feigned, is miraculous in itself; Medea, through amazing determination and all the artistic devices of flattery and tears, traditionally attributed to women. Joan manages the Dauphin into the crown; Medea manages Creusa, Creon, and particularly Jason, into utter ruin.

On a broader level, both plays belong to the presentational tradition in the theater, a tradition which

goes far back of the late nineteenth century ideal of verisimilitude, or realism, or representationalism. The presentational production says frankly, "This is play-acting; this is not life, but an imitation of life." The actors are aware of the spectators and confide in them. This audience-contact is derived from the earliest beginning of drama, the religious celebrations in honor of Dionysus, when the audience, together with the chorus, took part in the rituals. We find in Euripides' *Medea* the somewhat unnecessary remnant of the chorus whose function was, in earlier plays, to interpret, analyze, and narrate certain parts of the action. The very presence of the chorus (which Jeffers has reduced to three Corinthian women) is non-realistic, since they observe and bemoan but take no part in the action. Certainly the treatment of the chorus in the production is highly stylized, employing the exaggerated expressionistic movement of modern dance. The setting may be classified as formalistic, as was the original Greek stage, designed primarily to furnish acting areas on different levels and not concerned with the representation of a particular time or place. In *Joan of Lorraine*, Anderson's approach combines the elements of realism and representationalism. The old familiar play-within-a-play is developed with a new slant, giving a more or less realistic treatment to the rehearsal section and a frankly presentational flavor to the scenes about Joan. In this case, the "rehearsal" is more than a mere framework surrounding the main action; on the other hand, the inner play is certainly of more importance to the whole than its famous Shakespearian forerunners in *Hamlet* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The two levels of action are of approximately equal weight and are connected by the Director-Actress conflict over interpretation. This integration device has not sufficient strength to mold the play into an artistic whole, but the intimate picture of a professional rehearsal has enough inherent interest to compensate for that weakness and make thoroughly good theater. Of course the rehearsal has another less obvious *raison d'être*; it enables Anderson to lead his audience gently by the hand—I do not say by the nose—through his own interpretation of Joan's character. If at any time Anderson sees a possibility of the audience's misinterpreting or missing out altogether, he simply puts an explanatory footnote into the lines of the director or the star. Perhaps the most glaring example is the convenient explanation that Joan's voices come from "within herself." Such a device is part of his method of drawing from the story of Joan what would otherwise be a rather obscure moral applicable to the twentieth century.

Finally, the two plays are thoroughly steeped in the spirit of democracy. The tribute to democracy in *Joan* is more apparent to us because it is talked about in more familiar terms. Masters calls the theater the "temple of democracy," and adds a considerable amount of flag waving to his directorial duties. And *Joan*—the real *Joan*—had unmistakable democratic notions. An ardent crusader for women's rights, a Protestant martyr—actually an exponent of freedom of religion—and a zealous Patriot, *Joan* has tremendous appeal for a modern audience. And Anderson makes the most of it, eliminating anything remotely similar to Shaw's painstaking defense of the Catholic Church in *St. Joan*.

The democratic elements in *Medea* are somewhat less immediately discernible. But Euripides was a rebel in his own time and, at least partly for that reason, was unpopular with his contemporaries. By giving the traditional heroic qualities to the common man in his plays, Euripides stirred the pot of unrest that was to bring about the swift decline of Athens. But the essential democracy in his plays was of a more fundamental character; he humanized the drama by taking it out of the realm of the gods and concentrating on the emotions of men in conflict with themselves or other men, rather than with Destiny. Notice that he pictures not the shining young hero triumphantly capturing the Golden Fleece, but the sordid, thoroughly unheroic aftermath. Jason has become a rather foolish, self-righteous, but very human man, whose youthful passion has simply worn itself out.

Moreover, the fact that Euripides presents and justifies to the fifth century Athenian the complaint of a foreign woman—a Barbarian—against one of their favorite heroes is, in itself, an indication of the author's democratic tendency. The treatment of *Medea*'s own inner conflict is one of the earliest dramatic representations of good versus evil working in man.

In spite of its democracy, the play remains in certain aspects difficult for us to accept. It is helpful to remember that the murder of the two innocent children was as unfamiliar and shocking to the original highly-civilized audience as it is to us. It was perhaps a little easier for them because they immediately recognized in *Medea* the type characteristics ordinarily attributed to foreigners, or "Barbarians": the excessive lamentation, the ability to fawn upon authority, and the familiarity with witchcraft and magic. Actually, this typing device is simply a dodge that Euripides employs to sugar-coat what he has to say about universal human nature—in Colchis, Corinth, Athens, or Greensboro. Otherwise, he need not have tampered with the source, the earlier legends, in which *Medea* was innocent of her children's death. When Euripides attributes their murder to her, he does it to culminate the emotional build-up, to finish out the revenge theme and emphasize its strength, not simply for a sensational exhibition of blood and thunder. This is a psychological play about mind and motivation, about character, and only in an incidental capacity about physical action.

Franklin and the Toad

By MARY ANNE CLEGG

FRANKLIN was being taken home by his aunt. Franklin was four. He ran 'round his aunt in circles, then from one side of the walk to the other in front of her. Then he was out in the street. His aunt rotated while she remonstrated. Then she would attempt to resume the following of her nose. The trouble was that Franklin's nose didn't seem to be a compass. Franklin's nose couldn't direct anyone right, unless it directed a tumbleweed.

They were passing a rock-garden when it happened. Franklin saw the toad in the middle of the sidewalk, and nearby he saw a rock. Aunt Matilda saw the rock come down on the toad. She made little distressful oh's. Franklin looked at her. She said, "The toad, oh, the toad. The poor toad."

Aunt Matilda sat down on one of the stones of the rock-garden. She got her handkerchief. Franklin watched.

"It's just an old toad. What's the matter with an old toad?"

She covered her face with the handkerchief, and she wept. She wiped her eyes. The smashed remains of the toad caught her eyes, and her handkerchief was suddenly damper.

"He just came out to eat some mosquitoes. All those mosquitoes he didn't catch are going to bite you tonight."

Franklin began to bawl.

Matilda looked at him under cover of her handkerchief. When he looked at her, she squeezed her eyelids; and the tears ran down her cheeks. Franklin's sobs diminished. The hand with which he touched her arm was cold and wet from applications to his eyes. He suggested that the toad had gone to heaven.

Aunt Matilda looked at Franklin. He looked subdued enough. She agreed.

"Yes, the toad has gone to heaven. We can stop crying."

Aunt Matilda got herself and her belongings up, and they went on their way.

Gregory on the Rock

A Winter Awakening

By JEAN FARLEY

According to a legend of the *Gesta Romanorum*, Gregory was conceived as a result of the union of an emperor and his sister. (In penance for which the emperor made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land and was there killed, leaving his sister empress.) After Gregory was born, he was abandoned in a cradle floating in the sea, and later found by a knight and his wife, who raised him as their son. Once in a mock jousting bout, Gregory wounded the boy that he thought to be his brother, and was reproved by the mother for hurting "her son." ¶ This led to the discovery of all of the particulars of his origin—except the identity of his parents. He started on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, but was diverted to the rescue of a besieged empress, married her and later discovered that she was his mother. In penance for his inadvertent crimes he had himself conveyed to a rock in the sea, where he stayed for many years. However, when the reigning pope at Rome died, it was revealed to the cardinals that a successor would be found on a certain sea rock. They sailed out, found Gregory, proclaimed him pope, and triumphantly escorted him into Rome.

I have spent most of the time in sleep.
At first I thought a convex
wind-jutting rock
was all that would do.
When I found the smooth hollow
half-bubble here in the rock
I refused it
for a year.

Winter has been the worst.
I came in spring
with the fisherman from a hut
in the sea-reaching woods,
and I lived the summer
between blue with white foam
and blue with white clouds
on rock-grey
(except when all is grey mist
or night-black);
green I have seen only
when I looked at the sun and shut my eyes
to dig my fingers in—
a thin green light.
I thought:
winter will be the same bareness
but the cold will make my body
my servant.
For summer has not scorched
(except at noon,
and then the rocks shadow);
it warms the backs of my knees
and the bends of my arms
and the inner curl of feet.

I feel leaves,
and roots coiling, rising
through earth to green.
My mother (she of the injured son)
and my wife-mother
are—

not.
The gulls of nesting season
have left,
leaving above their bits of shell
white as a crust of salt
below at the sea,
and here in the middle I
am at the white center
of the world.
And I had thought:
winter will be best.
The stretched-out body
coils in,
in deep,
but always the curve is spiral
with space between.
I wish for all
that warmth engenders, and
warmth.

My mothers,
I have slept curled
in the dark bubble—
harder than
smooth—
and dreamed of birds
held on my swollen white fingers.

Come Home, Johnnie

By PATRICIA LUTHER

"COME on home, Johnnie."

Aunt E stood way back from the mouthpiece and spoke as loud as she could. The hand she wasn't holding the receiver with she kept on the top of my head. I was standing by her holding the fern we'd just cut to use in the wreath for Mr. Keper's funeral tomorrow. She was going to make it early and she wanted Uncle Johnnie to take it over as soon as she'd finished it so that it would be there when the body arrived. Uncle Johnnie must have wanted to stay at town a little longer because Aunt E answered him back even louder than the time before. It was just under yelling, I thought.

"No, you've got to wash—and get here—and if your checker game ain't over you can finish it another day." Aunt E had gotten nearer and nearer the mouthpiece as she spoke so that with "another day" she was right on it and could slip the receiver back on its hook without even hearing what Uncle Johnnie might have said.

Aunt E was Uncle Johnnie's sister. They lived down the lane from us and sometimes we could hear Aunt E saying, "Bring in the wash, Johnnie," or "No, come right now. Dinner's ready." That's about all we ever heard. Now if his sister Effie was going to call him and make him come home right in the middle of a game, that was about the worst thing that could happen to Uncle Johnnie because he loved checkers about as much as he did fishing. It was pretty bad too that she could tell him that he could finish "another day." Anyone else who was fifty-nine years old but Effie Dawkins would know that you can never finish a game on another day once you have started it.

If I'd have been Johnnie, I'd have cried. I always kind of thought it wasn't because he had old people's eyes, like Mama said, that he kept pulling the back of his hand by the corner of them. His eyes were always watery like mine are when I try to look at the sun on a bright day. When I think about it, they looked as if they had been in the sun a long time anyway and had faded a lighter and lighter blue like Mama's blue flowered apron she keeps washing and hanging out.

Even when Uncle Johnnie rode the mail his eyes were bad. He never said they were but they must have been. All the mail posts on his route leaned far

away from the road as if they were afraid of getting hit by Uncle Johnnie's Chevrolet fender again. Everyone knew Uncle Johnnie's route was the one with the leaning mail posts. I think he drove where he *thought* was allowing enough room but sometimes he just didn't give himself enough. He was plenty good at it though. I mean, scraping his fender on the post without knocking it down. He only leaned them over at a sixty degree angle so that it was just a good arm's reach to the box once you raised up to lean out.

Some days he'd come half-way down our lane between the cotton stalks and call me to ride the mail with him. I'd sit up front with Uncle Johnnie and hand the mail to him when the time came. Whenever we got to another fellow's box, he'd have his tongue out slightly but mashed so that it gave him a third lip. We'd ride up close to the side of the road near the box with Uncle Johnnie measuring by that thing on the radiator.

If there were any post cards or vacation cards, we'd read them and look at the pictures before we put them at the back so they wouldn't get wet if it rained. When there was small writing on the post cards, Uncle Johnnie would hold them way off from him, throw his head way back

and say like his name was Lillian:

Saturday Night
At Home

Dear Lillian,
Yesterday I canned 12 quarts of pear
preserves

In the spring when the new seed catalogues came out, we always lost an hour or more thumbing through them. That made us late for dinner.

"Johnnie," Aunt E would say to her brother, "why can't you do what you've got to do and come home before I have to take the biscuits out of the stove?" But Uncle Johnnie would just look at the floor. "You'll have to drive me to the Aid meeting at Blanche's, for I won't finish the dishes in time now to dress and walk over." And though Uncle Johnnie and I were going to dig some worms out by the washplace for fishing tomorrow, he let her get in at 2:30 o'clock, then he flooded the motor, and jerked off to Blanche's. I could hear her saying, "Johnnie,



Barbara Stoughton

don't step so hard; you're straining the motor," and that's when Uncle Johnnie let the feeder up so fast that they were yanked hard back and then coughed forward again.

Uncle Johnnie and Aunt E always had a big garden and some special patches of things all around the place. The funeral flowers were planted all around the edges of the patches and the vegetables grew in the big place in the middle. I remember when Uncle Johnnie plowed up the big pig pen that wasn't being used for pigs any longer and threw the turnip-green seeds all around in there. Aunt E said, "Why didn't you plant them on the far end of the garden like we did last year, Johnnie?" But when the patch got greener and greener and the leaves grew as wide as the dahlia leaves on the flowers that Aunt E grew for funerals, and they told everyone after church to come over and get "a mess" of their fine greens, Aunt E asked Uncle Johnnie why he hadn't thought of planting the salad greens in the old pig pen some years before. She said she'd thought of it but was afraid to mention it for fear he'd think it was an unwholesome idea.

Lots of folks said Aunt E would have married if it hadn't been for her red hair, for she sure knew how to run a house and handle Brother Johnnie well. Aunt E always had liked Thomas Hunter and when he married Willie Mae Count, Effie went off to see her other brother for about three months. Of course, she came back to look after Uncle Johnnie.

It was about that time that Uncle Johnnie had a girl who had red hair, too, but not quite as red as Effie's. He used to go to see her in the afternoon and get back before dark. Sometimes at the dinner table Mama and Aunt Lil would talk of how well the Dawkins got along. They'd say, "Johnnie and Effie got a cord of wood today" or "Effie and Johnnie are going to bank their potatoes tomorrow." So when Effie couldn't get Mr. Hunter, it seemed Uncle Johnnie—well, Uncle Johnnie wasn't able to fit in his girl either. I know he aimed to marry her, though, because he gave her things. There's a picture on the left side of his washstand that he once gave her and when he didn't marry her, she gave it back. There's a man and woman in it standing by a curtain holding hands. The woman's sitting at a piano which has a shawl or something falling off it, and she is pressing down some keys with the hand he hasn't got. He's looking like he thinks it's a mighty pretty piece even though it is with only one hand. He doesn't look too much like Uncle Johnnie. His hair is thick and kind of wavy.

Sometimes Uncle Johnnie says, "When I was courting Ellen, I used to drive some dandy black horses." Then he tells me about the horses and you'd think he remembers them better than he does Ellen. But Uncle Johnnie remembers lots of things and he tells me about them after he has turned his chair in the direction Effie would come if she wanted him to do something. He told me about the time Aunt E served Thomas sour milk instead of sweet with his cake one

night when he came to call and how he drank it anyway but said later on in the evening when they were talking about cows, how he liked all kinds of milk but SOUR and clabber. Aunt E was skimming the milk for churning after he'd left when she found the milk wasn't sweet. She'd licked the ladle before she put it in the dishpan and then she was so upset she couldn't do the dishes till she'd finished crying.

And Uncle Johnnie told about the year the earthquake came and settled all the houses so that all the mantels were an inch or more above the floor and Effie made him cut some strips and fit them in so it wouldn't be cold on her ankles when they sat around the fire in the winter. And how Effie was one of the first in town to put a telephone in. He said she never used it except to get her flower orders or call him in the middle of a checker game. Uncle Johnnie wouldn't speak to her when he had to come home after he'd gotten interested in a game. But when Effie called, he'd say, "Good-bye, boys, Effie says dinner's ready." And then as he went out the door he'd rub his middle and say, "My stomach thinks my throat's cut" even if it was eleven o'clock and he knew Effie never fed him until twelve.

But I guess the phone really did come in good for the orders. The Dawkins, Aunt E and Uncle Johnnie, sold flowers for all the big occasions. Aunt E raised them and tended them and then she cut them all off their stems and stuck wires through their hearts and punched them on padded things that looked like green loaves of bread. Uncle Johnnie had been to more homes the hour before a wedding or funeral than anybody in town. He'd get to see everybody dressed up and fancy things to eat, too. Usually Aunt E had so many orders that Uncle Johnnie couldn't be seen from behind the loads he'd carry in and he couldn't see out either. Sometimes I'd sit in his Chevrolet and watch him sliding his feet along about two yards before he came to the steps. He'd go real slow till he kicked the bottom one and then he'd start up them. Sometimes he'd misjudge the number and step real high after he'd got to the porch.

Uncle Johnnie could get home from the hardware store in about eight minutes. That's where he and "the boys" played checks. There were two boards at the back of the store and every man present got to play off a game or two every afternoon until, of course, the tournament season started. When the season began, there was a main player at each board who got to hold his place by beating a fellow four times out of five. Then he could take on another and another till he'd beaten them all or they'd gotten his place. When they'd played down to just two, they'd have a whole afternoon for the tournament and everyone who had gotten beat before would come and tell the one who hadn't beaten him what to do. It was about the best thing there was in town except fishing, maybe, and everybody thought so.

The year that Uncle Johnnie won the tournament he looked happier than he ever had before or after and

(Continued on Page 17)

Martha McBride

By IVA LENNON

THE Yankees driving through Cerro Gordo to Miami would stop at Johnson's Esso Station and Cafe and would get out of their cars and look up and down the street. They would look at Mr. Johnson, when he was filling their gas tanks, or at Mrs. Johnson, when she was serving them their hamburgers and coffee, and would say, "This is a peaceful southern town. Bet you have lots of characters around here." And Mr. Johnson would screw on the cap of the gas tank, or Mrs. Johnson would put down the coffee, and say, "Why, no, we only have one character. She used to live in Miami," and the Yankees would say, "How interesting," and they would pay Mr. Johnson for the gas, or Mrs. Johnson for the hamburgers and coffee, and then they would get in their cars and drive slowly down the road toward Florence.

When Martha McBride was seventeen, her mother wanted her to be a missionary to China, and Martha McBride wanted to be a missionary to China. Every Sunday morning, and every Sunday night, Martha went to the Cerro Gordo Baptist Church and heard the minister tell the congregation that the Chinese were starving to death. They needed the Lord, he said, and it was the duty of the people of Cerro Gordo and of the people of Brunsover County, and of the people of the State of North Carolina to see to it that the poor starving Chinese were saved. "The Catholics," he said, "are taking over the country, and the poor starving Chinese do not know that unless they Confess and Believe and are Baptized, they can never get to that glorious heaven where there is room for all."

Martha McBride would sit in the second pew, and listen to the minister, every Sunday night and every Sunday morning, and she was moved. She stood up in church one Sunday night and said, "It is my duty to save the poor Chinese. They are starving, and the Good Lord wants me to go to them." The minister said, "Thank you, Sister, come and shake hands," and Martha McBride's mother cried, and the boys sitting on the last pew giggled, and continued flipping the pages of the hymnal, trying to find another hymn like the one on page seventy-nine that said, "I come to the garden alone . . . And He walks with me, and He talks with me, and He tells me I am His own."

The minister wrote to all the other churches in the association, asking for aid, and told them that dear sister Martha McBride had been called to serve the Lord, and that his church was sending her to Tom Smith College so that she could learn about the Bible, and more about the Baptist beliefs, and more, even, about the poor Chinese. The churches all sent money, some ten dollars, some fifty dollars, and one church, the Northern Forks Baptist, sent two hundred dollars. The last Wednesday in August the whole congrega-

tion went down to see Martha McBride ride off on the afternoon train. They all bowed their heads, and the minister prayed for the departing sister until the conductor awkwardly tapped him on the shoulder and told him that if that young lady was going on his train, she'd better get on. He was half an hour late now.

At Tom Smith College, Martha took two courses in Bible, and one course in English, and one course in Baptist Beliefs, only it was called something different. In the Baptist Beliefs course they read the passages in the Bible that proved the Baptists were right. They read about John the Baptist, and about the Last Supper, and about the Virgin Birth. And the professor, an authority on Baptistism, interpreted all the miracles for them. The Wine at the Wedding Feast, he said, was first water, but Jesus changed it into grape juice, just like the kind Welch's makes; and he talked about the Good Samaritan. "He too would have been a Baptist, had he lived long enough," he said, "and if you ever see a Jew lying in the road it is your Christian duty to take him to a hospital."

Martha McBride would listen to him, and after class, she and John Thomas, a Georgia boy who sat next to her, would talk about what they would do if there was not enough punch at a wedding reception, or what they would do if they were to see a Jew lying in the road. Martha McBride had never seen a Jew, but she thought maybe there would be some in China, and she could save them as soon as she got there.

John Thomas had wanted to be a missionary to Africa so he could be like Stanley and Livingston, but after he met Martha, he decided he, too, wanted to save the Chinese for the Lord and from the Catholics, and maybe even save a few Jews on the side.

That summer, the Baptist Association of Brunsover sent Martha enough money to go to Atlanta to work with the welfare department. She thought she would practice saving the Negroes, so she would know how when she got to China. John Thomas went with her, and they worked the area between Decatur and Atlanta. All the poor Chinese who had lived in that vicinity had gone to Tampa for the winter, except one family, that the Director of Poor Starving Chinese and Unsaved Africans from Tom Smith wrote to them about. Martha McBride and John Thomas went to visit the family, who lived at 319 McLane Street. They told the lady who came to the door who they were, and she told them that she had been saved summer before last, but her husband hadn't. "He works in the Tap Room down at the Southern Hotel," she told them. "It's on the other end of Peach Tree Street."

(Continued on Page 18)

Book Review

THE DIARIES OF FRANZ KAFKA

... edited by MAX BROD

"...Then a gentleman rises up out of this mass, walks on it toward the lantern, apparently wants to fix the lantern, but first looks up at it, remains standing near it for a short while and, when nothing happens, returns quietly to his place in which he is swallowed up. I take him for myself and bow my face into the darkness."

This is Franz Kafka in a dream. In a sense, however, it is not so much a dream as it is in summary, the Kafka of the *Diaries*. In the diaries he is a man working with all his being, trying to create, and forever falling short of his own desire.

He writes, "We are permitted to crack that whip, the will, over us with our own hand," and then another time, "The terrible uncertainty of my inner existence." This is scarcely the Franz Kafka shown to his friend and editor of the *Diaries*, Max Brod, for his "gay ingenuousness . . . in his conversation and daily intercourse."

To discuss Kafka's diaries is not so much to speak of a literary work for itself as the personality of Kafka, the "real" Kafka. It has been suggested that his personality is a final product of his art and that the real Kafka is a way of writing. But, however that may be, Kafka in this work reveals himself, not by details of experience or intimate facts, but by the *form* of his experience. The forms give, if not a solution, at least an "inkling of the way a life like this is constituted."

He shows himself as a man interested in people. Perhaps the most absorbing episode of the volumes is the one in which he describes a group of Jewish actors he meets—their plays, dress, habits, the actor Löwy with whom he becomes a close friend, and the actress with whom he falls in love. But even in this

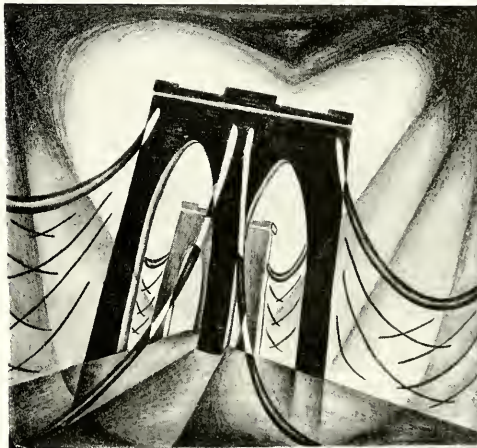
there is a superficiality that is, perhaps, Kafka's failure. It is not the failing in his own eyes of the tortured writer, but his inability to experience the presence of people freely, to paint them in the diaries as more than wraiths.

This is a personal failure for Kafka, which he fights to compensate for in his art. In the diaries this fight is only pictured in a fragmentary fashion. Here is shown, not so much the struggle, as the man who was a result of it, "a man whose existence is contained in a certain relationship to language, and for whom writing is as necessary as breathing but as painful as the breathing of one dying of tuberculosis." (Robert Warshaw, *Partisan Review*.) And because writing became this to him, he could fail personally and yet have a success in art that was absolute.

These two levels of his living, his failure and his success, are brought into focus with the words, "It is enough that the arrows fit exactly in the wounds that they have made." But even so, for him the awful harmony that came in his last years was still pain. Four years before his death, he wrote, "A segment has been cut out of the back of his head. The sun, and the whole world with it, peep in. It makes him nervous, it distracts him from his work, and moreover it irritates him that just he should be the one to be debarr'd from the spectacle."

The publication of the *Diaries* is an important event in the literary world for the revelation of the complex personality of Franz Kafka, and the simple beauty of the style. It is a mistake for readers to avoid the volumes for fear of not being able to understand or enjoy them. There is a magic and fascination in the work and in the man who writes: August 1: "I tighten the reins . . ."

JOANNE McLEAN



Arlene Batchker

Ibid

By BETTY TOWNSEND



Virginia Ingram

HE hadn't wanted to go out in the first place. Janey knew that and had all but forced her to go. She had a paper on Venezuela due the next day and this would mean it would be a day late. That would lower it a grade and it wasn't going to be a good paper anyhow. Now, with a lower grade, she would be lucky to get a D on it. Why did he have to be tall? If he had been short this never would have happened. Why wasn't he five-feet-five? If he had been five-feet-five, Janey wouldn't have considered asking her to date him and she would have her paper in on time. Damn it, why wasn't he a midget? He would be in a circus instead of college and wouldn't have met John and John wouldn't have asked Janey to get him a date and Janey wouldn't have asked her to go out tonight. Why was he even born in the first place? She hated his parents for having married each other. She could just see his parents right now. His mother was fat and a good cook. His father was kind and liked to sit in some special chair that was either overstuffed or rocked. She decided it was probably overstuffed. Yes, it was probably overstuffed and had a flower slipcover on it that was either faded from too much washing, or dirty from not enough. No, it was probably leather. God! that was it! Cracked leather.

Well, it was too late now. She said she would go and now she *had* to go. There was no way of getting out of it. She *had* to go. Oh, how she wanted to stay in the dorm and do her good old paper on Venezuela. It would be a pleasure to do that paper. She couldn't think of anything she would rather do, than do that paper on Venezuela! If it were not for this date, she would be doing it right this minute. She would be pulling her "comfy" quilt up over her knees and putting the ash tray beside her and quietly thinking the whole thing out. Then, she would write it off as easy as pie. Damn, damnation, there was no way of getting out of that date. She felt trapped. Yes, she was absolutely trapped like a poor crab in a crabnet. She took her shoes off and started slapping at them with a suede brush. Why didn't he come on and get here and get it over with? Either they come when you're in the bathtub or they wait until you

are all dressed and come half an hour later. She had never dated *one* boy that came on time. He said he would come at eight-thirty. She looked at the clock on the dresser again. It was eight-thirty-five. Well, she would wait just five more minutes and then she wouldn't go out at all. She threw the suede brush back in her dresser drawer and walked out into the hall in her stocking feet and yelled, "Janey Marsh" just as loud as she pleased. It felt good to yell. She hollered for Janey again. She hoped somebody would just dare to come out of her room and tell her to be quiet. She'd tell them off good and proper. She wished that snob across the hall would come out and tell her to shut up. Boy, she'd give her a piece of her mind. Loudest thing in school and then whenever anyone else dared to make a sound, Little Miss Priss would come out and tell her that she was acting like a two-year-old or that there were a few rules to be obeyed now and then. She put her hands on her hips and absolutely screamed for Janey. What did she want? What did Janey think she wanted? She wanted to know exactly when he was coming. It *was* eight-forty wasn't it? He did say eight-thirty, didn't he? What was she supposed to do? Be there at his convenience? Yes, she was mad. She was plenty mad. She didn't have any reason to be mad! Huh, maybe some people thought she didn't have any reason to be mad but then some people didn't have a paper on Venezuela due the next day. All right. All right. So she was acting like a child. She walked flat-footed back into her room and slammed the door behind her as hard as she could. She wished she could knock the whole wall down. That stupid Janey! She picked up a pack of cigarettes and tore the cellophane up one side with her thumb nail. She opened the pack all the way across the top and clawed out a cigarette. She lit it, took a heavy drag, and blew the smoke out at herself in the mirror. Lord, but her hair looked the best it ever had. Blind date and her hair looked the best it ever had. If this were tomorrow and Sam were coming, her hair would look ghastly. She wouldn't be able to get that wave right and her left ear would show and the other side would be curled too high. Tonight it had to look just beautiful, though. Blind date and she had never seen her hair do so perfectly. She felt like putting her whole head in the basin and going out with a towel wrapped around it. She put her cigarette down on the edge of the dresser and brushed her hair till her scalp hurt. Right back in place. Not a hair out of line. Damn if it didn't look better! It looked as if — Well, finally! He was here. Yes, she would be right out. For heaven's sake, she certainly would be right out. She wanted to get it over with and get back in as soon as possible. She took a last drag on her cigarette

and put it out. She put her shoes on, straightened her seams, and took a last look in the mirror. She had never looked this good for Sam and Sam liked her so, and if he didn't, it was just too bad. She certainly wasn't going to try and put on any personality act for him.

Yes, and she was glad to meet him, too. And she was also glad that he was decent looking besides being tall. That would make the evening bearable. If he just wouldn't say much, she could sit and look at him and yes, she was so glad that he could come up tonight, too. The fool! She would talk to him about Venezuela all night and that would serve him — Yes, she had seen the football game. God! Another athlete! She didn't think she could stand it! She might have guessed it the minute she saw him. They were always big and clumsy just like he was. He didn't have a brain in his head and she knew it. He would probably talk about "the team" and "the boys" all night long and well, she could just burst into tears right there in front of him and not give him one reason for doing it. Why did she always get mixed up with some athlete? It never failed. She supposed it would be an Indian guide next. First the swimmer, then the runner, then the pole vaulter. Now a football player. How many ways can man think up to show off his physical prowess? Everybody knows that a man can do more than a woman can. Do they always have to prove it? Men are the silliest, most stupid, most conceited animal on earth! She hoped she would marry a man that had a caved-in chest and was flat-footed and weak all over. She couldn't spend her whole life pushing him around. Oh Lord! there he goes again. Yes, I was so excited I simply waved my pennant back and forth like mad. Yes, everyone was so hoarse they could hardly open their mouths. And speaking of mouths, why didn't he try shutting his now and then? It was certainly big enough.

Did she know Jim Talbert? Oh for goodness sake, did she know him! Why, she had known Jim for years. As a matter of fact, Jim was just about one of the cutest boys she had ever known. He had to be sure and tell Jim hello for her when he saw him next. God! If this clod dared to mention her name to Jim Talbert, she would die! She would absolutely die! Ed Crumpler? Wasn't he the maddest fool she had ever known? Yes, he certainly was. She might have guessed that he would know Ed. He didn't have to tell her that he did.

Black coffee, a hamburger, and an order of French-fried onions. That ought to stop him. Lord, she was so sick of hearing about "the boys" she could scream, but if he put a hand on her, she would hit him, so help her, she would knock his head clean off! Why did he have to be so happy and gabby? Yack, yack, yack. Gab, gab, gab. The team, the boys, the coach. He was happy he was in school. He was happy he was on the team. He was so happy it made her want to throw up. She had never been out with such an idiot happy person. Why for goodness sakes yes, help

yourself. Here, have some more. He could eat the plate, all the paper napkins, the tray on the window, and the damned window if he wanted to. She supposed if she put a little mustard on her arm he might like a bite of that too. He thought she was a funny girl? Why, she guessed he thought (she thought) he was her version of . . . Where did she want to go now? Of course, she didn't care where they went. Any place would be just fine with her. She was having such a good time that it didn't matter where they went. It certainly is true that when you are with good company, it doesn't matter where you are. Of course, they would go park somewhere or had he, by any small stretch of the imagination, been thinking that? No, she bet he didn't know his way around town. Why, she bet he was just about the most frightened little lost boy she had ever known. Why, he was so lost and confused he was heading smack dab down the same old dirt road that the rest of the boys always went to whenever they got lost and confused. For cows sake! What do they do? Pick up special road maps on the edge of town? She felt like she knew every turn, every bump, every rock on that road. Same old story, same old line, same old road. God, she wished she was in a good old bathtub with some kind of clean smelling soap. She would soak for an hour and then dry herself with a clean bath towel and put on clean pajamas and get in her nice warm bed. No, she wasn't cold but she would like a cigarette. Oh, he didn't have one? Well, he needn't worry, she had one right in her purse. He couldn't smoke? None of the boys smoked while training? She did declare that she didn't know how he ever managed to stick to such horrible training rules so long. She wished she had a bottle of gin and a straw. She'd sit there and sip it while he talked. Dear Lord, was she going to spend the rest of her life listening to some athlete talk about being in training. No, what she should say was, some of "the boys" talking about being in training. She never spoke of her friends as "the girls." Why did he have to call his "the boys"? Oh damn! . . . her cigarette was almost down to nothing! Please don't burn so fast! What could she tell him? She would light another one, that's what she would do. She would light another one and if he didn't like it, well, so what? He just wouldn't like it. So he used to be in the marines? She asked him where he had been stationed. You don't say? Not really. For heaven's sake. Oh no! . . . not that! She couldn't stand it, she simply couldn't stand it if he had been overseas. Yes, and she bet he certainly had a lot of narrow escapes while he was overseas. God knows every service man she had ever known had had a thousand of them. Why should he be any different?

Well, she just didn't know when she had ever had such a good time. He had to come back again sometime . . . real soon. She was just thankful that Janey had asked *her* to date him instead of someone else. She wished she had nerve enough to push him down the steps right then and there. The dope! The ignat!

She'd shoot herself before she'd go out with him again. Why didn't he go on and leave? What did he plan on doing . . . staying there on the steps all night? Maybe she could pitch a tent out on the lawn for him if he wanted one. He'd write? Yes, and she would love to hear from him. Brother, if he even knew how to write, he certainly had her fooled. She would never have guessed it in a million years. He opened the door for her. She smiled at him and told him goodnight. He smiled at her and told her goodnight.

She clipped the last curler shut and put the rest of the bobby pins on the floor beside her bed. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to be in bed. There was nothing so wonderful in the world as a bed. A good clean bed with a nice soft pillow. She

beat her pillow up and put her head down on it with a sigh. When was the first time she had ever dated? There must have been a first time. Why did she ever go out on that first date? Why hadn't she been brought up in a convent and followed the church or something? She tried to picture what she would look like in a nun's black habit. Oh, her bed felt so good. Everything was clean and white and good and warm. She had the whole night before her and she could sleep forever and . . . Oh Lord! That paper on Venezuela! She had forgotten all about that paper on Venezuela! Well, she simply wouldn't do it. She would *not* do that paper tonight . . . not for all the jewels in India would she put one damn foot out of her bed.

Shudder in Moonlight

By MARY ANNE CLEGG

Moonlight may be held responsible for the intermittency
of the straight line
And the awakening at an unheard hour
to an unfamiliar shape.

The dreams of a Dane had sharp edges
(When Beowulf Was Action.)
Monsters of unknown dimensions but of thereafter estimated strength
Invaded the night
And wrought their Cain-cursed will
Outside the line set by a relative God.
And how should a man know when he was outside
that moving shadow of the unfated?

A room may be a changeling
May switch Matthew for Luke
And objects may gleam
From no known property
But the whim of the hour.

Let Elizabethans say their say
About sleep after "shaking the world."
The concern is not sleep, temporary or final-though
One does not hug darkness the bride
Even darkness that may be felt.

No. The concern is not the Egyptian darkness nor the night of God's
anger
But the day-night of the war of the insects,
The night-day of the superior dog eat inferior dog,
And the reign of Adaptation-is-Progress.

But modern man is a companion of Hansel and Gretel
In the thick-boughed forest.
And he knows what Hansel does not know,
What Gretel does not know:
That is no father with a regular axe
But the friction of a dead bough
Against a live one.

Miss Annie Was an Actress

By NANCY SHEPHERD

MISS ANNIE never really stopped acting. She had two opening lines to the story which, through the years, she had come to think of as the beginning of it all. "That was the very first time I ever laid eyes on Mr. Bowen," she would say, picking out a spot of air at which to stare and nod her head. Then, as if the room with all its wicker furniture and even the person to whom she was talking had suddenly vanished, there would pass through Miss Annie's mind all the old pictures with which she had become familiar—the pasteboard one of Mr. Bowen in a long, lacy, baby dress; the wrinkled tintype of Mr. Bowen in a buggy, so brown now that it was impossible to tell where Mr. Bowen stopped and the buggy began! Mr. Bowen, leaning against the plate glass market front under a big sign that said BEEF; Mr. Bowen stepping into the new Ford. But not one of these pictures was Mr. Bowen as she had first seen him. As if this old knowledge were a fresh realization, Miss Annie would feel within her a small hopeless something, fluttering, then settling into a dull little ache, because there was nothing more tangible to rely upon than her memory. One never knew when a memory was going to fail; so Miss Annie kept hers in repair by telling her story as often as anyone would listen.

Johnny Bowen had gone to school with Miss Annie's brother, Sam.

He had come out from town that day to visit. Miss Annie, excited at having a stranger on the place, had followed him and Sam around like a little dog, just looking and occasionally getting close enough to hear snatches of conversation.

"Aw, Annie, go on back," Sam said to her when he and Johnny started out to look for slingshot prongs. But she dropped back only a few paces and continued to follow, lifting her right foot slightly higher with each step to allow for the dragging of a loose shoe sole.

When Sam noticed her again, Annie lowered her eyes and waited to be ordered home; but Sam, seeing in the shoe sole an immediate source of leather for the slingshot, decided to make an offer instead. "A penny for your sole," he said to her, giving Johnny an "Ah-hah" poke in the ribs.

This was her chance. For an old sole that did nothing but make her stumble, Sam would give her a penny! She thought of the hoarhound candy like bunches of sticks in the jar at the store, and her mouth watered. Yes, she would trade, and she held out her hand for the penny. Then came the eclipse. All during the darkness Annie clutched the penny in her fist until it stained and stiffened her fingers. When it was light again, Sam sawed off the sole with his pocket knife.

When he had dusted the sole against his trousers and tucked it carefully away, Sam suddenly decided that he should like his penny back. With ease he extracted the coin from Annie's damp, dirty fist and put it away with the sole.

But the loss of her newly earned penny was too much for Annie. She was humiliated in front of a stranger. She thought again of the candy. "Indian giver!" she screamed, stamping her soleless shoe in the dust. "Give it back to me!" But Sam was unmoved. Then Annie, awed by the strangeness of the recent eclipse and wounded by the injustice of it all, began to bawl. Touched by her tears and her threat to tattle, Johnny took occasion to refill Annie's fist while Sam was looking the other way—this time with a nickel.

Annie's face brightened somewhat as she watched the nickel disappear down the leg of her brown ribbed stocking. Only when she was halfway up the hill to the house and out of Sam's sight did she straighten up her face completely. She had cried a little more violently than she normally would have done and come away the richer. Then with the strange revelation of a new power born with the midday dawn, Annie ran to ask her mama why the sun went out.

On the days when Miss Annie was feeling especially dramatic, she began her story the other way. "That was the day of the great eclipse," she would say, putting all the emphasis she could muster on the word "eclipse." "We were way out in the field in broad open daylight, mind you, the very middle of the day, when all of a sudden, it started getting dark. Why, before we knew it, the sun had completely disappeared, just completely. And the roosters started crowing as if it were dawn instead of midday." Miss Annie made all the necessary gestures, too. Each time she said "eclipse," she would sweep her arm upward and around with the palm of her hand turned toward the sky just as if she were turning daylight into darkness all over again.

Sometimes it was rather difficult to see just what the eclipse had to do with the shoe sole, but according to Miss Annie the stories were one and inseparable.

Her homemade "sense of the dramatic" seemed to guide her consciously or unconsciously from that day on. But her acting was not always so purposeful. Like the time she and Sam were walking to church behind Sister Neal and her new beau. Neal's garter had loosened and slipped down around her ankle like a washer, and Miss Annie had laughed aloud and stuck out the point of her parasol to wriggle it back up under Neal's skirts. But once the garter was in position again, Miss Annie let the elastic pop; and Neal jumped as if a bee from the althea bushes had got tangled in her petticoats. All the Sunday groups

gathered under the magnolia tree had turned to look. A few persons had even snickered.

After church Miss Annie got a good talking-to. Neal shook her finger at her. "If he doesn't come back, young lady, it will be bad for you, do you hear, bad for you." Miss Annie, convinced that Neal meant every word of it, carefully constructed a note to Neal's beau. "My dearest, Life without you for some of us would be just too terrible to bear," it began. And Miss Annie laughed quietly to herself at Neal's amazement when he returned more ardent than ever before.

Miss Annie's imagination was always a big help. If she didn't like where she was or what she was doing, she just pretended she was somewhere else. And the way she would act from then on was enough to make one think she was really where she wasn't.

Miss Annie didn't see too much of Mr. Bowen until some years later. She might not have looked twice at him if her father had not made known his objections. That was all it took to make Miss Annie fall desperately in love with Mr. Bowen. He and his brother ran the meat market in town and just for fun "poked around a little in real estate." Her father liked him well enough, but he thought that Johnny Bowen knew a little too much of the world for his Annie. The only thing about him that displeased Miss Annie was the lack of glamour in his cutting up cold red meat and weighing it over the counter. But when Mr. Bowen wrote that he had gone out that very day to round up two wild steers and that twice he had barely escaped a bloody and violent death, in which case he would never have seen his Annie again, she perked right up and vowed to herself that there was not a better business.

Once he gave her a calf, and she wrote, "I will take care of your little calf. I will feed it and think of you, my sweetheart." Sometimes when he couldn't think of anything to say in his letters, Mr. Bowen would copy off some verses about love and end them with one of his own like "If these few lines you don't accept, in the fire they may be swept." And Miss Annie would go to her room where, behind closed doors, away from Sam and Neal, she would take turns reading them aloud and clutching them to her heart.

Miss Annie was always careful never to mention Mr. Bowen's name in Papa's presence. If ever she couldn't meet the mail, she would give strict instructions to Mama at breakfast. "Under the mattress," she would say in her most significant stage voice. "Don't forget to put you know what you know where!" She would watch Papa's face and wait for him to look up from his paper to see what was going on. But most of the time Papa didn't pay any attention, and Miss Annie would leave the room congratulating herself on her cleverness. Later in the porch swing she would whisper to Mr. Bowen, "Papa would kill us both if he suspected." At these words her eyes would grow large, and the shiver that ruffled through her made her move closer than ever to Mr. Bowen.

Whenever Miss Annie reminisced, her thoughts always lingered longest upon that triumphal moment which she considered the climax of her career. It was the time when she and Mr. Bowen ran away. They made the decision one night in the swing when her fear and distress over Papa's attitude seemed to become just too great. Miss Annie planned and plotted; Mr. Bowen listened, making a few suggestions here and there.

It took exactly two weeks to get ready. Alone in her room, inspired by Mr. Bowen's letters, Miss Annie pressed, counted, and folded her clothes. She patted each crease and assured Mama when she didn't go to meals that she was not ill. She used string and thick, brown paper, and took great care to keep it from rattling. Luggage would have been suspicious. For two weeks she packaged her clothes piece by piece and somehow managed to get them to Mr. Bowen. Sometimes she would address the bundle BOWEN'S MEAT MARKET, SHARON, and let the mailman take it. Sometimes, when Sam was starting to town, she would run out with a bundle and say, "Take this beef back to the market and tell Mr. Bowen it just *wasn't* fit to eat," as though she were thoroughly disgusted with the meat, the market, and the man.

It was dusk that day when Mr. Bowen, with a lap robe and all six bundles of Miss Annie's clothes, drove the horse and buggy up into the yard to wait for Miss Annie. Supposedly resting that afternoon, she had dressed and undressed three times. She had lost count of the times she had gone to the window to look down the road. Once she had seen a buggy coming in a little cloud of dust and had grabbed up her bonnet, but the buggy had gone on by.

When Miss Annie finally saw Mr. Bowen's buggy stop on the other side of the oak tree, she waved and started downstairs. She lifted her skirts; and, as smoothly as if she had been sliding down the banisters, she made her entrance into the parlor. Papa saw the look on her face and said to Neal, "Call your mother." Mama came in from the kitchen, and the whole family just stood and stared. Then they all talked at once, and before they could find out why she had on her best dress with the leg o' mutton sleeves, Miss Annie had kissed each one of them and tied her bonnet strings. They were still chattering; and Papa was beginning to make himself heard, when, halfway to the door, Miss Annie turned and tossed her head.

"He may be a rounder," she said, "but nothing short of death can stop me from marrying John Bowen. NO! Nothing short of death!"

Mr. Bowen met her at the front steps, and waving back to the family faces in the doorway, he swept her off to Sharon, a new home, and a new life.

Miss Annie didn't know then about the discussions Papa had had with Mr. Bowen in the market, at first with Papa leaning over the counter to watch Mr. Bowen cut the meat and later with Papa back behind the counter helping him. Miss Annie didn't know

either about her mama's planned effort to "wait until her Annie was good and gone, to break down."

THE new house was on Main Street next to the Methodist Church and just half a block from the market. It was big and plain and square, with banisters like white paper, folded, cut out like paper dolls, and stretched across the front porch. Mama came to visit right away, but Papa waited almost two weeks. That night after his visit, Miss Annie spent an hour and a half telling Mr. Bowen about Papa's wonderful and most unexpected "change of heart."

Even in the years that followed Miss Annie found time to do some acting. Her first baby died of pneumonia after three months and was buried in Roselawn under the big Bowen angel, but there had been the other children to bring up. Miss Annie, however, sooner or later developed a number of favorite short cuts to make things easier. At night after twisting her long hair up on steel curlers, except of course for the plait down the back, and after getting ready for bed, she would fold a pair of pink drawers and place them on the top of the sheet. When she slept they stuck out around the cog wheel outline of her curled hair like a pink patch, but in the morning they would be warm and easy to find.

Miss Annie stayed home most of the time, but there was always the excitement of Mr. Bowen's trips to the stockyards in Charleston. She would get his clothes ready and then take all the children down to the depot to see him off on the afternoon train. He told her about all his trips so that, from the very minute he waved to her through the train window, she followed him in her imagination while she mended and canned and swept. He would talk about the cattle business and share his ham and biscuits with some young man who would have the seat next to his. She hoped that he might manage to get a little sleep. The few days in Charleston he would be busy at the pens, inspecting, pricing, choosing, and putting the cattle into the cars. If it were before Christmas, there would be places in the cars up over the cattle for turkeys, and he would come home to tell her about the problems of "double-decking." Sometimes in the spring he would see the gardens. But always in Miss Annie's mind, whether he were at the pens or on the station platforms, he would take out his big gold watch to count on its Roman numeral face the number of hours before he could be back home.

Often, if he were away for several days, Miss Annie would put aside the idea of a trip to Charleston to see herself looking out over the ocean from a widow's walk, waiting for him to return. With her hand shading her eyes, she would scan the horizon. Then she would report to her children. "No sign yet," she would say. "He ought to be putting into port soon."

In the later years it seemed that Miss Annie's acting played second fiddle to Mr. Bowen's acting up. The real estate business had gone bad, and another meat market had opened up across the street. Over a period

of years, Mr. Bowen had gradually built up an audience that extended up Main Street from the candy kitchen past Smoky Joe's barber shop and on down to the new Ford place next door. He had worked up an act, too. Sometimes he put on such a show that Smoky Joe and some of the men who stood around in front of the candy kitchen would have to come home with him. Usually they would hold him by both arms so that his shoulders looked deformed. Sometimes he didn't want to come home. One night they got him past the Ford place; but in front of the house, he sat down square in the middle of the sidewalk and sang "I'm going down that road feeling bad" all the way through twice. They had to lift him and push from behind; and his heels dug two zig-zag trenches between the verbena rows up to the front steps, where Miss Annie was waiting to put him to bed.

On Saturday afternoons Mr. Bowen would have some friends in for a game upstairs in the back room. Smoky Joe would come, wearing his cap with the green celluloid eyeshade. He would hand Miss Annie the paper that was rolled up and thrown on the porch once a week. "Go on up; they're waiting for you," she would say, watching him until the door at the top of the stairs closed again.

Then Miss Annie unrolling the paper and breathing in the fresh-ink smell of the newly-printed words, would settle down to read the death notices. While she was reading, and later while she was resting or mending, she would hear the muffled clinkings from the room upstairs and imagine herself a chorus girl in a West Coast honky-tonk. Maybe she would lean against an upright piano and sing, or maybe she would carry a white ruffled parasol and act out a song on the stage. But always the door kept swinging in, because the people passing outside would not be able to resist her voice.

In reality, Miss Annie's audience consisted of a few people like old Mrs. LaBird, whose real name was just plain Bird and who took rooms there while the circus was in town. She would sit, fat and oval-shaped, inside the kitchen door while Miss Annie made biscuits and told stories. And there was old Lou Moore, who would come into town from the home place and stop by to drink coffee, which she said couldn't make her no blacker since she was already about as black as she could get.

Miss Annie liked best talking with the minister from the church next door. He stopped by often just to be neighborly, and Miss Annie would take him to the parlor and sit in the little rocker with her back straight while she talked to him. She would shake her head slowly and look thoughtful. "Yes, his heart's troubling him. Sometimes I don't see how he goes on," she would say about Mr. Bowen. Then to Smoky Joe or to old Lou Moore, she would turn right around and say, "He's been acting up again."

When her children had married and moved away and her first grandchild came along, Miss Annie finally had an audience she could command completely.

It was a grandmother's privilege to spoil, she had heard; so she would hold little Ann on her lap and sing "Old Dan Tucker" over and over. Ann would listen and laugh when "a red hot coal got in his shoe." Occasionally she would reach up to punch a big hairpin raisin into the white bun on Miss Annie's neck. Miss Annie would say pieces for her too, some that had to be done with her lip tucked in to make her talk funny.

On Saturday afternoons after the chairs had been pushed back and Smoky Joe and the others were going through the hall to the front door, Miss Annie would be asking, "Why ought you to serve God?"

Little Ann, suddenly reminded of the damsons Miss Annie put up, would answer exactly as it was written in the little yellow catchism: "Because He made, preserves, and redeems me."

Miss Annie allowed her to thumb through her Bible too, looking at the pictures of the ark or the ladder until many of the pages were loose and wrinkled. Miss Annie would act out Bible stories to make her think it all was going on right there in the same room. When she told her about Zaccheus, Miss Annie would look up and point, the way she did when she talked about the eclipse. And Ann would look up as if she saw Zaccheus's face through the green leaves against the white sycamore tree. At Sunday school the next morning after the "collection" had been taken up and the story told again, she would deny emphatically that that man could still be up there. Miss Annie considered teaching little Ann one of the most worth-while things she had ever done.

When Mr. Bowen died, Miss Annie went to live in her daughter's back bedroom. She took Mr. Bowen's yellowed letters in a wicker basket along with tin-types of all her family. Reading, rocking, and looking at the pictures, she would sit next to the radiator where she warmed her outing gown all day long so that it would be nice at bedtime. She would read bits of old letters to little Ann or tell her about the eclipse or the elopement. "He may be a rounder, but nothing short of death can stop me from marrying John Bowen," she would say.

She complained of arthritis to her daughter. "I declare, it starts down in this hand, goes right up my arm across my shoulders and sometimes on down into the other arm," she would say, so that arthritis seemed liquid, like water running through pipes.

A month after Mr. Bowen's death, she started talking about dying. "You know," she said to her daughter, "Mama followed Papa in just thirty-two days." Her daughter worried because Miss Annie started doing things backwards. She would curl her hair in the daytime, twisting the front until the curlers made a cogwheel around her face. She would plait the

long white queue in the back and twist the end up tightly with loose hair from her comb. At night she took it down and put it back into a bun stuck with hairpins. She wore lavender and her blue silk gown. She would smooth the covers and put her folded drawers on a chair across the room. If her daughter became uneasy about her and stayed to talk, Miss Annie would say, "Now, child, you go on and get ready for bed. I'll just listen to the wind a little while." Miss Annie was especially careful to say good-night to everyone, always with a sort of expectant look on her face, as if she were waiting for someone to say something else.

For a whole week Miss Annie carried on this way. Then, as suddenly as she had started this strange new routine, she went back to the old one. She still talked about the arthritis that ran through her arms, but she paid little attention to the wind.

The night Miss Annie died she was wearing the old outing gown that had hung on the radiator, and her hair was rolled up. She was sleeping with her head on her pink drawers so they would be warm and easy to find. It would have been worse, but Miss Annie couldn't know she had missed her cue.

Departure

By DOLLY DAVIS

How shall I turn, walk without pain away,
leave these,
behind the door I hesitate to lock?
This is the house of all things old,
fitted to four particular lives,
no more;
this is the cabinet where, filed and folded,
quiet as cancelled checks,
still lie our records:
letters read thin and learned,
cellar's grotesque array of tired dolls,
initialed pocket-watch,
still clucking, fretfully, foolishly,
to itself.
How then, remembering
the stark, square cleanness on the wall
where picture was,
shall I twist hard the key between
three ghosts within
and me, the fourth, outside.

Come Home, Johnnie

(Continued from Page 7)

better, too. I guess he looked better because he wore both sets of teeth, the upper and the lower. Usually he wore just the lower to town but when he played the last round, there were lots of people there. His teeth made him look like he was eating something because he kept swallowing—but he didn't do any chewing. Sometimes I wondered how his mouth could look so tight while his neck looked so full right under his chin. The wrinkles ran up and down his neck and the skin looked gathered and tied with a string at the base of his collar. His collar was white and he could take it off and leave his blue shirt on at the same time. Aunt E said it saved washing. On Sundays he'd wear a white shirt with a made-on collar, but when he got back from church he'd put a blue one back on unless he was going to a funeral or something.

That year—the year he won the checker tournament—he wore a white shirt at the finals. He wore his adjustable suspenders, too. I'd never seen him snap them so and smoke his cigar with such puffs. All the time he'd been beating those people he'd felt good—scared that they'd beat him one day—but good he'd gotten so far. He'd read three books on checks. I know because Aunt E sent me to the woodhouse when Uncle Johnnie hadn't brought in enough wood for cooking and I saw them on the beam where the shed begins to slope. Uncle Johnnie said he'd let me see them if I never told I knew about them. They had little dashes showing how to jump a man and keep from crowning another fellow's. When Uncle Johnnie got them down for me, they opened right up—one of them to the jumping section while the other just divided to the crowning section.

Uncle Johnnie had smoked the whole cigar when they finally got started with the game. He marked his winnings in thin gray lines in the ashes of his King Edward. He pulled that loose part under his chin and wiped the corner of his eye. Those that the other man had beat stood behind him and said, "Play'em, Johnnie, play 'em," every time the other fellow had to take a man off the board. He played 'em, too, and when the final game came near the end, he jumped the last two of the other fellow's men, holding his elbow up like it said in the book, so he wouldn't knock the other men off with his sleeve and put his red man in home. "Crown I," said Uncle Johnnie using their favorite checker saying, and some laughed like it really was a good joke while he watched one of the other fellow's checks being placed too carefully on top of one of his for a crown. The men shook his hand and so did the fellow he'd won over. Uncle Johnnie put the red men back in their box.

He was almost up to the Drug Store before I caught up with him. He was wearing his coat on his back instead of hooking it on his finger over his shoulder like he usually did. We passed right by the Chevrolet. When we came to the crossing and had to wait for some cars, Bub Shealy was in one with his wife. They saw the Dawkins a lot and always planned to can things in the summertime when Aunt E and Uncle Johnnie did at the Cannery and when Uncle Johnnie said, "Good afternoon, Bub. Good afternoon, Annie," instead of "Afternoon, folks," like he always did. I looked at him hard.

We didn't go out to the garden to see if the Irish potatoes had any bugs and we didn't prune the pear tree back, the one that scratched you in the face if you didn't keep the window rolled up when you rode by. We didn't, I suppose, because Uncle Johnnie still had on his white shirt.

Uncle Johnnie crossed his legs after we'd been sitting on the porch a few minutes. Once he told me it made him uncomfortable to sit like that for his legs were too short. He sat out to the side of the oleander bush; usually he sort of hid behind it. It was unusual to have Uncle Johnnie keep his teeth in so long, and he was acting so peculiar talking about how glad he was he had retired so he could rest and how muddy the river banks were when it rained, and how maybe he ought to shave more than three times a week like Effie said that I got to feeling maybe I didn't know Uncle Johnnie as well as I had thought.

We'd been out there most of the afternoon and Uncle Johnnie hadn't had so much to say once he'd gotten that new cigar lit. That was two he'd smoked that day whereas he smoked only two a week—on Saturday afternoon and after dinner Sunday. We watched the sun slide down the afternoon and into the pear tree. Aunt E would be home from the Aid meeting in a few minutes. Uncle Johnnie's leg flew off the other like he'd broken a spring or something. He stood up and pulled his tie until it hung loose like a long divided tongue.

I sat on Uncle Johnnie's old walnut bed and ran my hand over the thin canopy to see if I could feel the stitches on a crazy work quilt. Uncle Johnnie pulled the shades down like he was going to do a heap of undressing. I went to get some new water in the cup he keeps especially for his teeth and when I got back, Uncle Johnnie was tucking in the blue tail of his old shirt. He put his white shirt down on the bed and buttoned every other button starting with the first like Aunt E did when she finished ironing it. Then he placed it on the lefthand side in the bottom drawer. When the drawer didn't close, he kicked it hard on the side that stuck but you couldn't tell which was the new scratch for all the others he had put there.

Martha McBride

(Continued from Page 8)

The two missionaries went to the Tap Room at the other end of Peach Tree Street and sat at a table close to the door. "There isn't a tap in sight, is there?" Martha McBride cautiously asked John Thomas. John Thomas looked around and said, "I don't see one." They ate pretzels out of a bowl on the table and looked around for the Chinese, but the only person who they thought even resembled a Chinese was a man in a black coat who was dancing with a lady in a red dress. John Thomas said, "I'll ask the next waiter who comes by where the poor starving Chinese is."

The next waiter who came by put two mugs of beer on their table and said, "That'll be a dollar," and John Thomas gave him two fifty cents that he had in his pocket, and before he could even mention the Chinese, the waiter had left. He and Martha McBride looked at the foam on top of the mugs, and Martha said, "It certainly is a pretty color," and John Thomas said, "Yes, but we'll go to hell sure as anything if we drink it," and Martha McBride said, "I know, but it certainly is a pretty color" . . . and John Thomas said, "I don't believe there's a Chinese in this place," and they got up and went home.

John Thomas got a letter the next morning from his father telling his son that he'd have to come home and work, at least for the rest of the summer, because his neuritis was so bad that he himself couldn't do a thing, and John Thomas left soon after he got the letter because he was afraid that if he didn't go home his father couldn't send him to school the next year. Martha McBride said she would stay on in Atlanta because she didn't have enough money to go home—the Cerro Gordo Baptists must not be getting much money now, she said. "I'll stay here and see about that Chinese until they send me some more."

That night she didn't have anything else to do, so she went back to the Tap Room on the other end of Peach Tree, hoping that the Chinese who hadn't been saved would be there. She sat down at the table next to the door and looked around for the Chinese. She stared at each person who sat at each table and at each waiter who passed her. Finally, one of them told her that if whoever she was waiting for didn't come soon, she would have to leave. "This is a respectable joint," he said, wiping off the table, and Martha said, "I'm looking for a Chinese who lives at 319 McLane Street and he works here." And the waiter said, "He isn't here now. Have a beer. He'll be back at ten o'clock."

Martha sat at the table next to the door and watched the amber fluid flow from the faucets into the mugs. She watched the people dancing. "How repulsive," she thought, watching the couples standing close to each other, their bodies moving together. "That's awful," she thought, staring at them, watch-

ing the bodies pushing against each other as they moved slowly across the floor.

A man sat down at Martha McBride's table and said "Hello." She looked at him and said, "Are you the unsaved Chinese?" And the man laughed and said, "No. I'm a lost K. A.," and Martha McBride said, "It's not funny. Don't you realize that unless you're saved you'll go to hell?" And the man laughed again and said, "Kid, are you a scream!" Martha stared at him, and the man leaned across the table and said, smiling, "There aren't any Chinese here, honey. Why don't you try saving K.A.'s? We sho' do need it." "But I want to save the Chinese," Martha said. "They need me." "Not as bad as the K.A.'s honey," the man said. "I have a frat brother out at Tech who's a preacher's son. He'll probably help you." "But the Chinese need me so dreadfully," Martha said, looking at him.

Martha tried to save the K.A.'s because she couldn't find any poor starving Chinese. The preacher's son went to Miami the last part of the summer, and he asked Martha to go with him because he knew the Baptist Association of Brunsover County hadn't sent her any more money—they didn't have much income until fall harvest—, so Martha McBride wrote to the Director at Tom Smith and told him that she was going to Miami to work there . . . "I have a ride with a nice preacher's son," she wrote him, "who is interested in the Chinese too . . . I will try to come back to school after Christmas, if the Cerro Gordo Baptist Church sends me enough money."

Two years later Martha McBride went back to Cerro Gordo. Her mother was disappointed because Martha had never gotten to China, but after Martha explained the conditions of the Chinese in Miami, she felt better about it. The minister asked Martha to speak in church the first Sunday she was home, but Martha said she couldn't. Tell the congregation I appreciate all they did for me, she told him.

Martha sat home all the time the first week she was back. She wrote a letter every day to somebody in Miami, a Mr. McManus. When her mother asked her who he was, Martha said he was just a preacher's son she knew there. Martha went up town after she had been home a week, and everybody asked her wasn't it good to be home, and Martha just said "Yes" and walked on down the street before they could ask her "How are the poor starving Chinese?"

Martha stayed home most of the time. She would get up at six o'clock every day, and she would scrub and cook and clean, and sometimes she would sit for hours looking at a book, only occasionally turning a page. She stopped writing Mr. McManus after she had been home three weeks, but she would still sit holding the same book.

(Continued on Page 20)

The Editor's Page

Fiction

It wasn't intentional that all of the stories in this issue should be by seniors. It just happened that way. One could almost take TOWNSEND's "Ibid," as her last testament on life at W. C. In all events, it is a wonderfully funny lampooning of the whole system of feminine availability. Its monologue-like quality is particularly effective when read aloud. . . . At first glance, "Martha McBride" is also a humorous story but in a style that IVA LENNON has made her own; protest, sadness and ridiculousness are all mixed up together. . . . NANCY SHEPHERD's and PAT LUTHER's stories are each concerned with the portrayal of one character. Nancy has entered her story in the *Mademoiselle* college fiction contest. Pat's contribution is the first story that she has ever written. In view of this fact, it is particularly good as a subtle and a quiet story. . . . Another senior, MARY ANNE CLEGG's "Franklin and the Toad" is a sketch and must not be taken for more than that. Although brief, it shows a maturity that is not often found in undergraduate writing. There is something about the texture of this sketch that creates the sort of atmosphere that is often found in the careful craftsmanship of many Continental writers.

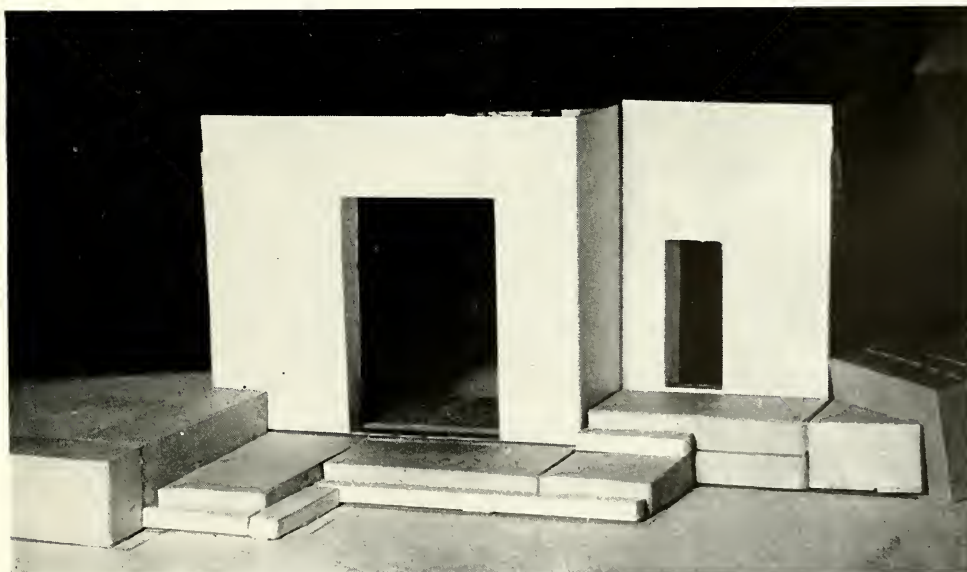
Poetry

Mary Anne's other contribution, "Shudder in the Moonlight," is considered by Mr. Jarrell one of the nicest things that she has done. . . . DOLLY DAVIS remarks that her poem is so bad that Jarrell managed to misplace it. . . . The idea for JEAN FARLEY's poem came from a collection of monks' tales written in the early fourteenth century which were derived from monkish legends, classical stories, and chroniclers' tales. Her poem should be read with the care it deserves.

¶ Congratulations are in order for Winnie Rodgers and the old staff for putting out prize-winning CORADDIS in the recent press convention, and thanks to Winnie personally for the help that she has given with this issue.

¶ The primary aim of the CORADDI has always been to publish the best of what is written on campus. Therefore, the material in this issue has not been written for an effect or for a pose—it is simply what has been done in the writing workshops. The art work and feature articles are an expression of the secondary aim of the CORADDI staff—to produce a magazine, not merely a literary journal. While the staff is primarily interested in and continuing to keep the literary tradition, we believe that attention to related arts is a necessary requirement for balance.

¶ A campus magazine is not worthy of its name nor does it serve any particular function unless it is read. We, the staff, like the CORADDI and we want you to like it. We have said our mournful adieus to the old staff and we have watched this issue grow from copy to galley sheets onto page proofs. . . . We want the rest of the campus to say OH! THE CORADDI—not (OH! THE CORADDI). In other words, we want the CORADDI to continue in its rightful place as a campus publication.
M. U. E.



SET MODEL FOR AYCOCK PRODUCTION OF "MEDEA"

Dayilla Smith

Martha McBride

(Continued from Page 18)

Sometimes the tanned Yankees driving through Cerro Gordo on their way back to their homes would stop to buy gas or eat hamburgers, at Johnson's Esso Station and Cafe, and they would say to Mr. Johnson, after he had given them their change from the gas money, or to Mrs. Johnson, when they were pocketing their change from the hamburger money, "You do have a character around here?" and Mr. Johnson or Mrs. Johnson would smile, and say, "Why, yes. She lives down the street by the railroad track in the house with the red roof." And the Yankees, who had always wanted to see a Southern character, would ride by the house and stare at it, and then they would turn around in front of the cotton gin and drive slowly back past the red-topped house, and sometimes, if they drove slowly enough, and had good eyes, they could see Martha McBride. Martha, wearing a straw hat like those the Chinese wear, would be in the backyard, pulling weeds out of the cannas.

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QUESTIONS

- A** Diverse in prominence, yet alike in taste,
On each an apostle his name has placed.
- B** Enclosed by two comparatives of "mellow"
Unscramble "chum", here underlined in yellow.
- C** Where the Amazon and rubber meet you locate me,
Hood, McKinley or Rainier completes my picture, see?

Answers and names of winners will be available at
magazine office. Winners will be notified by mail.

RULES FOR CHESTERFIELD HUMOR MAGAZINE CONTEST

1. Identify the 3 subjects in back cover ad. All clues are in ad.
2. Submit answers on Chesterfield wrapper or reasonable facsimile to this publication office.
3. First ten correct answers win one carton of Chesterfield Cigarettes each.
4. Enter as many as you like, but one Chesterfield wrapper or facsimile must accompany each entry.
5. Contest closes midnight, one week after this issue's publication date.
6. All answers become the property of Chesterfield.
7. Decision of judges will be final.

LAST MONTH'S ANSWERS & WINNERS

- A** The word **THREE** is composed of five letters and they're
all found in **CHESTERFIELD**.
- B** Chesterfields in the pack, 3 E's in Chesterfield, 3 x 3 = 9.
One E in **REALITY**.
- C** Biscuit = muffin; Change M to R and you get Ruffin, the
home of Van W. Daniel.

CHESTERFIELD CONTEST WINNERS

Margaret Click

Patricia Anderson

Ruth Patterson

Sara Lou Debnam

Hester Bizzell

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